

THE  
Knight and the Prelate:

A

NEW BALLAD.

To the TUNE of

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

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*Pulcra Lapponia*

*Da mihi fallere; da justum sanctumque videri,  
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus objice nubem.*

HOR.

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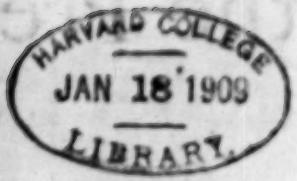
— Little Villains must submit to Fate,  
But Great ones may enjoy the World in State.

Garth's Disp,

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THE

## Knight and the Prelate:

A

## NEWBALLAD.

I.

**I**N the Island of *Britain* I sing of a K----t,  
 Much fam'd for dispensing his Favours *aright*;  
 No Merit could he but what's *palpable* see,  
 And he judg'd of Men's Worth by the Weight of  
 their Fee.

*Derry down, &c,*

II.

Of a P----e I sing too, who liv'd in great Hope,  
 (Tho' he rail'd at the Name) to be great as a Pope;  
 All from him who to differ should prove so uncivil,  
 Out of Zeal for their Souls, he consign'd to the Devil.

*Derry down, &c.*

III.

To his Pride many truckled, yet others rebell'd,  
 And would know by what Title his Power he held.  
 Cries the P----e alarm'd, 'This our utmost demands,  
 Now the Ch--ch is at Stake, or, what's worse, our  
 Ch--ch Lands.

*Derry down, &c.*

B

IV.

## IV.

To the K----t then he ran, and cry'd, 'Save us  
from Ruin,  
' And mark what the Laymen against us are brewing;  
' They say they can without Ch--ch Spectacles see,  
' And can spy full as far in a Mill-stone as we.

*Derry down, &c.*

## V.

' That our Right to Dominion nor my Brethren  
nor I know,  
' That our Coaches and Six are not *Jure divino*:  
' If Errors so impious are suffer'd to root,  
' As in primitive Times, we must tramp it on foot.

*Derry down, &c.*

## VI.

My very good Friend, says the K----t, 'calm your  
Passion,  
' I smoke what you drive at, but --- no C-nv-c-t--n;  
' Should your Ch--ch Bellows blow up the Zeal of  
the Rabble,  
' You'd breed more Confusion than e'er was at *Babel*.

*Derry down, &c.*

## VII.

Cries the B----p enrag'd, ' Is that your Pretence ?  
' Consider, the Ch--ch is your *Rock of Defence*:  
' Your S---- Sea Escape in your Memory cherish,  
' When sinking you cry'd, help L---ds, or I perish.'

*Derry down, &c.*

## VIII.

## VIII.

Heyday! quoth the K----t, ' why you're grown  
very bold;

' You forget sure his G--ce of *L-mb-tb* is old:

' Tho' the Job might seem dirty, the Br--be you  
thought good,

' And are deep in the Mire, as I in the Mud.

*Derry down, &c.*

## IX.

Quoth the B----p, ' the Truth of this Proverb I note,

' *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll cut your Throat.*

' If to free you when fast, we wade thro' the Mire,

' You must own that the *Labourer's worthy his Hire.*

*Derry down, &c.*

## X.

' A Th--f! cries the K----t, shake Hands then dear  
Brother,

' Since Receiver and Thief tally pat to each other;

' When to pry into Frauds you thought was not right,

' The World says you fear'd lest your own should see  
Light.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XI.

' That your Sp--t--l C--rts, all loudly complain,

' Instead of Reforming, mind nought but their Gain;

' That it is not the *Sin*, but the *Purse* that they war on,

' And thrive on Men's Vices, like Maggots on Carrion.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XII.

## XII.

' That was *Judas* alive he might lay by all Fears,  
 ' And demand to be try'd by his Sp---t--I P--rs;  
 ' For his Purse (could he but the Expedient hit on)  
 ' Would absolve him at *Rome*, and screen him in

*Br-t--n.**Derry down, &c.*

## XIII.

Quoth the B----p, ' Alas, how unjust is their Bawling !  
 ' Why, Sinners to *save* is the *End* of our Calling ;  
 ' With *Charity* always our Order begins,  
 ' And *Charity covers* a *Number* of Sins.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XIV.

' None but Infidels surely can make such a Bustle,  
 ' Since 'tis plain we've outdone each Saint and Apostle;  
 ' For they to procure such Offenders Salvation,  
 ' Did but hazard their Lives, while we venture

*D-mn-t--n.**Derry down, &c.*

## XV.

' In our Courts on this *Maxim* Delinquents we fleece ;  
 ' Take away but the Cause, the Effect soon must cease :  
 ' Then since *Money*, all grant, sends the most to the Devil,  
 ' We devoutly take from them that *Root* of all Evil.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XVI.

## XVI.

If your Doctrine be true, the K----t strait replies,  
 ' I'll warrant 'em Heav'n, if they'll pass my Exc-se ;  
 ' But the Nation my Schemes with their Murmurs  
     controuls,  
 ' Or their Purses I'd squeeze for the Good of their Souls.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XVII.

Quoth the B----p, ' their Murmurs to still, preach  
     up Patience ;  
 ' Describe holy Job amidst his Vexations ;  
 ' Bid 'em imitate him ; but remember, be sure,  
 ' To be patient as Job, they must first be as poor.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XVIII.

If Pelf, says the K----t, sends so many to Hell,  
 ' I wonder your L--d---p should love it so well ;  
 ' Tho' it is not yourself alone I need speak on ;  
 ' For most of you doat on't, from B----p to D--c-n.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XIX.

Cries the B----p, ' From Scripture I speak for  
     myself,  
 ' Which bids us make Friends of unrighteous Pelf ;  
 ' When here for you on Duty, that for us can preach,  
 ' And from Town to a Cure in Commendam can reach.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XX.

xx.

' I submit, says the K----t, for I know't to be true,  
' That, howe'er you serve Heav'n, you give Mammon  
his Due;  
' But can you at once two Masters obey,  
' Who require to be serv'd a quite contrary Way?

### *Derry down, &c.*

xxi.

- ‘ Quoth the P----e, this Stuff to us B----ps is Nonsense;
- ‘ Sure you think like Dissenters, we’re troubled with Conscience;
- ‘ At St. P---’s ’tis our *outward* Man bows to the Heavens,
- ‘ Tis our *inward* that Mammon adores at \*St. Stephens;

### *Derry down, &c.*

XXII.

- ‘ Courage then, cries the K----t, I may yet be for-  
given,
- ‘ Or at worst, buy the B----p’s Reversions in Heaven.
- ‘ My frequent Escapes in this World shew how true ’tis
- ‘ That Gold is the only *Elixir Salutis.*

### *Derry down, &c.*

XXIII.

' All you then who into the Finances creep,  
' Ne'er piddle, but by Thousands the Tr--f-ry sweep.  
' Your Safety depends on the *Weight* of the Sum,  
' For no Rope yet was made that could tie up a <sup>†</sup> Plum.

## *Derry down, &c.*

\* The P-----t H--se.

† A Man worth 100,000 £.